Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.
Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should bee so tyranous and rough in proofe.
Romeo. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-waies to his wil:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:
Heres much to doe with hate, but more with loue:
Why then O brawling loue, O louing hate,
O any thing of nothing first created:
O heauie lightnesse, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of welseeming formes,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fier, sicke health,
Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is.
This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this,
Doest thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart at what?
Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.
Romeo. Why such is loues transgression.
Griefes of my owne lie heauy in my brest,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it prest,
With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,
Doth ad more griefe, to too much of mine owne.
Loue is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in louers eyes,
Being vext, a sea nourisht with louing teares,
What is it else? a madnesse most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preseruing sweet:
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft, I will goe along.
And if you leaue me so, you doe me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*; hees some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadnesse, who is that you loue?
Rom. VVhat shall I grone and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who:

Rom.

Rom. Bid a sicke man in sadnesse make his will:
A word ill vrgd to one that is so ill:
In sadnesse Couzen, I doe loue a woman.
Ben. I aymd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd.
Rom. A right good marke-man, and shee's faire I loue.
Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze is soonest hit.
Romeo Well, in that hit you misse, sheel not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
And in strong proofe of chastitie well armd,
From loues weake childish Bow she liues vncharmd.
Shee will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,
Nor bide th' incounter of assailing eyes.
Nor ope her lap to Saint-seducing gold,
O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,
That when dyes, with beautie dyes her store.
Ben. Then she hath sworne, that she will still liue chast?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge wast:
For beautie steru'd with her seueritie,
Cuts beautie off from all posteritie.
She is to faire, too wise, wisely too faire,
To merit blisse, by making me despaire:
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow,
Doe I liue dead, that liue to tell it now.
Ben. Be rulde by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.
Ro. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.
Ro. T'is the way to call hers (exquisite) in question more,
These happie Maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in minde they hide the faire:
He that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
Shew me a Mistris that is passing faire,
What doth her beautie serue but as a note,
Where I may reade who past that passing faire:
Farewell thou canst not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else dye in debt. *Exeunt.*